

116.

1465. f. 51.

# BOEOTIA,

A

# P O E M.

Humbly Addressed to his Excellency

PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD,  
Lord Lieutenant General and General  
Governor of IRELAND, &c.

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*Spes vita cum sole redit.* — Juv.

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By the Rev. WILLIAM DUNKIN, D. D.



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D U B L I N;

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117

# BOHEMIA

## POEM

Hymn to the Author of the Universe.

Printed at the Royal Press  
by the Privy Printers to the Queen  
for the Governors of the Bank of England.



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162



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# BOEOTIA,

# P O E M.

Humbly Addressed to his Excellency

PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD

A S late I mus'd upon the Fates  
 Of various Monarchies and States,  
 The Revolutions on this Ball,  
 The Rise of Empires, and their Fall,  
 Ambition, Power, Pleasure, Strife,  
 And all the splendid Woes of Life,  
 The solid Views and watchful Schemes  
 Of Men appear'd as empty Dreams :

While Indignation fill'd my Mind,  
 I sigh'd in Pity to my Kind,  
 Till sunk in Meditation deep,  
 Insensible I fell a-sleep,  
 As if repos'd to rest: yet fraught  
 With active, visionary Thought,  
 Transported beyond Seas I stand  
 On fam'd BÆOTIA's magic Land.  
 When, lo! a *Theban* Bard appear'd,  
 Serene his Front, and sage his Beard;  
 A circling Crown of Bays he wears,  
 That dignifies his hoary Hairs;  
 One Hand compos'd his loose Attire,  
 And one sustains an antient Lyre.  
 He meek salutes me with a Smile,  
 Descending to familiar Stile.  
 While at his graceful Stature high,  
 Majestic Mien and Eagle-Eye,  
 As smitten with religious Aw  
 I stood abash'd, and would withdraw.

Approach, he says, and lend an Ear,  
 Nor Danger from *Amphion* fear.  
 The pious Bards, who till these Globes,  
 Or live within the Walls of *Thebes*,

Are ever hospitable found; For here you tread on Classic Grounds  
 Each Guest (and be it long our boast) shall find an easy cheerful Host  
 All Men, who breath *Bœotian Air*, But chiefly Strangers, are our Care.  
 Contented with our present Store, We seek from Providence no more,  
 On Nature's Bounty freely live Unbounded, and as freely give,  
 To *Phebus* we devoutly true  
 The Rust of Lucre never knew,  
 No Passion, but his purer Flame;  
 No Lust, but that of honest Fame.

Those Walls, that Citadel, which shrowds Its Head imperial in the Clouds,  
 To letter'd Eyes distinctly shine,  
 And own their Architect divine,  
 From Harmony such Beauty springs,  
 I touch'd the Silver-sounding Strings :  
 The Rocks began to move enow,  
 And roll'd spontaneous into Form,

*Bœotia*, memorable long For valiant Deed and lofty Song,

In

In Tears had utter'd her Complaints,  
 That she condemn'd to sad Restraints  
 Despis'd, neglected, and opprest,  
 Should ever stand a publick Jest.  
 But Jove, in Pity to her Cries,  
 That often rent the distant Skies,  
 At length, amidst the grand Affairs  
 Of high Olympus, hears her Pray'rs,  
 Assenting to her Wishes, nods,  
 And thus harangues the frequent Gods.

To each of you, ye sacred Pow'rs,  
 Who share with me these blissful Pow'rs,  
 My Substitutes, I have assign'd to and  
 Some Province over human Kind.

Triumphant Mars conducts the Race  
 Of quiver-bearing hardy Tbrace.

Tarentum and Sidonia's Coast  
 Through you their distant Commerce boast,  
 O Neptune, who the Realms divide,  
 To bless them with a golden Tide.

Thee Lemnos hails, Ætnean Sire,  
 Array'd with Majesty of Fire,

To

To forge against the bold revolts  
 Of Rebels my terrific Bolts,  
 That, from this Arm indignant hurl'd,  
 Shall blast the Tyrants of the World.

You goodly *Bacchus*, Foe to Care,  
 And that thy Sister, *Venus* fair,  
 Control the *Cyprian* Nymphs and Swains,  
 And bind your Slaves in Silken Chains.

*Gay Pan*, attended by the Fauns,  
 And Satyrs, dancing o'er the Lawns,  
 Attunes the rural Reed, and roves  
 Licentious through *Lycean* Groves,  
 Or gently waves with awful Hand  
 His Crook, the Scepter of Command,  
 To teach the tender bleating Breed  
 Amid the verdant Vales to feed,  
 Or lead from nightly Wolves and Cold  
 His fleecy Subjects to their Fold.

You *Pallas*, in Perfection born,  
 With Arts divine your Sons adorn,  
 And wide through *Attica* rever'd  
 Protect the Towers, which you rear'd,

And yet behold a Nation, known  
 For old Allegiance to my Throne!  
 For me their choicest Victims feed  
 And Hecatombs unnumber'd bleed:  
 To me with reverential Vow,  
 Their blameless Priests obedient bow,  
 And pour unsparing at my Shrine  
 Libations of the purest Wine.

If Virtue claims a just Reward,  
*Bæotia* merits my Regard:  
 But she, renown'd of old for Arts,  
 Accomplish'd Heads and martial Hearts  
 Is now become the Ridicule  
 Of each unbred, unletter'd Fool.  
 But *Phæbus* thou, my Son sublime  
 Revisit this unhappy Clime.  
 To thee I delegate my Might  
 Thou genial God of Wit and Light.  
 There exercise thy guardian Sway,  
 Though Demigods lament thy Stay.

Thy Beams shall banish black Despair,  
 And purify the groffer Air.  
 Each pleasing Attribute is thine,  
 Thou, skill'd in Pharmacy divine

Shalt

Shalt all her Perturbations calm,  
And give to ev'ry Wound a Balm.

Thy Quiver, with becoming Pride  
Suspended by thy regal Side,  
Such as adorns the Virgin Queen,  
Shall teem with Darts and Arrows keen;  
Though none, but Animals malign'd  
By Vice, and preying on their Kind,  
Shall ever from Experience know  
The feather'd Vengeance of thy Bow.

Go then— nor shalt thou go alone,  
*Astrea* shall support thy Throne,  
Nor shall she blush again to see  
The World, when countenanc'd by thee ;  
Her shall the never-failing Horn  
Of Plenty, Joy, Content adorn,  
While she, by passing Crowds ador'd,  
Shall poise the Scales, and wield the Sword.

Thy Brother *Mercury* shall deign  
To lead the Graces in thy Train,  
And they to mortal Eyes reveal  
Their Beauties half, and half conceal.

The Muses should obey thy Call,  
But they in Thee are centred all.

Then shall *Bœotia's* Offspring rise,  
To lift her Glories to the Skies,  
*Thebes* rival *Athens* in her Charms,  
And shine in Arts, as well as Arms.

Already she thy Presence waits,  
See rushing through her crowded Gates  
Her Poets, each with Rapture led  
To bow to thee the laurel'd Head !  
Thy great Example shall inspire  
Their Souls with more exalted Fire,  
And teach the Druids of the Grove  
To celebrate thy Father *Jove*.  
That lenient and enchanting Hand,  
Whose melting Modulations bland  
Infernal Anguish could asswage,  
Yet crush'd the baneful *Python's* Rage.  
But there no Pest, in Volumes roll'd,  
With flaming Crest of scaly Gold,  
And fork'y Tongue, awakes our Fear,  
Or darts Defiance at thy Spear.

*Vertumnus*

*Vertumnus* at thy Sight renews  
 The Beauties of a thousand Hues,  
 And rich *Pomona*, who had pin'd  
 So long by wat'ry Clouds confin'd,  
 Thy Radiance blushing to behold,  
 Displays her vegetable Gold,  
 While yellow *Ceres* through the Land  
 Invites the lusty Reaper's Hand.

Bright Liberty like this above,  
 Which knows no Bands, but those of Love,  
 Establishes her Empire now,  
 And Peace extends her Olive Bough.'

*Bœotia* cherish'd by thy Rays  
 Begins a Course of *Halcyon* Days,  
 While many troubled Nations round,  
 Excited by the brazen Sound  
 Of horrid War, with *Stygian*-Breath  
 Spread Ruin, Rage, and mutual Death.

So *Delos*, which had stray'd, before  
*Latona* sanctify'd her Shore,  
 Confess'd the present God in you,  
 And first a firm Foundation knew,

While

While other Isles no Rest could gain,  
Toss'd through the wide *Aegean Main*.

He said : Away the Vision flies ;  
I sudden starting in Surprize  
Was 'waken'd by the glad Uproar,  
That CHESTERFIELD was safe on Shore.

THE  
STORY  
OF  
DAPHNE,  
APPLIED  
In a POEM  
TO THE  
Right Honourable the Countess  
of CHESTERFIELD.



Printed in the Year MDCC,XLVII.

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СИГИОТ

High Honor to the General  
of CHESHTCHIKOV



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**T H E  
S T O R Y  
O F  
D A P H N E,**

**A P P L I E D**

**In a POEM**

**TO THE**

**Right Honourable the Countess  
of CHESTERFIELD.**

**T**HE candid Muse, ambitious to record  
The real Merits of thy matchless Lord,  
Yet nice to banish from the tuneful Page  
The barefac'd Praises of a fulsome Age,  
Beneath *Apollo's* radiant Form design'd  
The Poet, Patron, Friend to human Kind,  
Obliquely

Obliquely painting in prophetic Strain  
 The rising Trophies of his golden Reign,  
 And Statesmen, knitting with heroic Zeal  
 The Monarch's Glory to the Nation's Weal. 10  
 Not like some wily Ministers of old,  
 Who bought the Subjects, and as basely sold,  
 Who fill'd, intent upon their private Gains,  
 The Royal Coffers from the fickle Veins  
 Of Realms exhausted: They with lawless  
 Pride Superior floated on Corruption's Tide,  
 Till, as it ebb'd, with unavailing Oar  
 They sunk, rebounding from the rocky Shore.

Thy Lord advances by securer Arts  
 His Master's Treasure with his People's  
 Hearts; 20  
 Contending Parties his Behests approve,  
 As jarring Atoms to their Centre move:  
 All tend to him, he moderates between,  
 Informs the mingled Mass, and guides the vast  
 Machine. 25

At his appearance Disaffection fled,  
 And mute Rebellion hung her dastard Head.

The

The Fiend, begotten in a Convent's Gloom,  
 Nurs'd by the Purple Tyranny of *Rome*,  
 Matur'd by *Gallia*, for ignoble ends,  
 Through frozen Climes her baneful Journey  
 bends ;

While, rous'd by *Stanhope* against *Europe's* Foes,  
*Hibernia's* Breast with loyal Ardour glows.

The Cause is rated by the blest Effects,  
 Whatever Vows from disunited Sects  
 The willing Nation to his Levee brings  
 Whatever Homage to the best of Kings,  
 His Tutelage repays with rich Increase  
 Of Godlike Freedom and untroubled Peace.  
 The Sun, thus genial with attractive Beams,  
 From oozy Lakes, or amber-mazy Streams,  
 Exhales the Vapours, which he sheds in Rain,  
 And pearly Dew, to chear the thirsty Plain.

Let baser Spirits loud Professions make,  
 He makes no Promise, for his Actions speak :  
 So, when he shone amidst *Britannia's* Peers,  
 Charming with *Attic* Eloquence their Ears,  
 And shook the Senate in his Country's Cause,  
 Profound Attention was their best Applause.

He claims the tribute of each tuneful Tongue :  
 Yet half remains, while you remain unsung ;

50

Illustrious Lady, when the pious Muse  
 Would paint Perfection, let the Poet chuse  
 A bright Example of sublime Degree,  
 And Style it *DIAN*, while he Copies Thee,  
 Instruct the Fair to captivate the Wise, 55  
 And win their Hearts, while they subdue their  
 Eyes,  
 Through all the Scenes of various Life to please,  
 To think with Dignity, and act with Ease.  
 At once you teach them to be good and great,  
 And reconcile Humility with State; 60  
 Like ambient Heav'n, which high above our  
 Heads  
 Its azure Field majestically spreads,  
 Yet, as with Rapture we survey it round,  
 The lucid Circle seems to touch the Ground.

Thou, chaste as *Dian*, shalt exert thy  
 Pow'rs, 65  
 And deck the Virgins with unfading Flow'rs,  
 Untainted Honour and unerring Truth,  
 Which add new Beauties to the Spring of Youth,  
 The

The mental Joys of pure Esteem engage,  
And warm the Winter of declining Age. 70

Yet, here the Poet's Parallel must fail,  
The sullen Goddess sought the dusky Vale,  
Suspicious of our Sex, she led her Maids,  
Thro' dismal Groves, and unfrequented Glades,  
Far from the Paths of social Life to stray, 75  
Dens their Abodes, and Savages their Prey.

But you recall the Graces from the Gloom,  
Display their Worth, and dignify their Bloom,  
Bid modest Merit to your Pomp resort,  
Invite the Virtues to reside at Court; 80  
And teach the Nymphs, though fraught with  
Gifts divine

Their highest Triumph is a Choice like thine.  
Hence may they learn with Elegance to rate  
The Bliss of *Hymen*, and avoid the Fate  
Of haughty *Daphne*, who disdain'd to fit 85  
Supreme in Splendor with immortal Wit,  
Renounc'd the Pleasures of the *Paphian Queen*,  
Without the Guilt, to gratify her Spleen,  
And pine away, like Lillies in the Vale;  
Sad was her Fate, and mournful is the Tale. 90  
Ye gentle Shepherds, yet with Pity hear;  
Ye modest Virgins, drop a tender Tear!

Coy *Daphne*, fairest of the Virgin Train,  
 That danc'd with *Venus* on the painted Plain.  
 Was once a lovely Nymph from *Peneus*  
 sprung,

95

(As melting *Ovid* hath divinely sung,)  
 But cruel *Cupid* was resolv'd to show  
 The double Vengeance of his fatal Bow,  
 At once to kindle an insatiate Fire,  
 And quench the purer Flames of young  
 Desire,

100

With Lightning keen her rolling Eyes he fed,  
 And o'er her Cheeks the living Roses spread,  
 But at her Bosom shot a leaden Dart,  
 That numb'd her Senses, and congeal'd her  
 Heart.

Not so, at *Phæbus* from his feather'd  
 Store

105

A golden Arrow, never try'd before,  
 He sped with Rage ; the pointed Poison aim'd  
 Full at his Breast, his very Soul inflam'd.  
 On her he gaz'd, and laid his Rays aside,  
 On her he gaz'd : She look'd with distant  
 Pride ;

110

Till

She coldly heard him, as he warmly woo'd,  
 She swiftly fled, as swiftly he pursu'd:  
 Till faint and panting in her feeble Flight,  
 She sunk arrested by the God of Light.  
 He closely clasp'd her in his eager Arms,  
 Deaf to his Vows, relentless to his Charms.  
 Aghast, distracted with tumultous Fear,  
 She cry'd, O *Peneus*, Father *Peneus* hear!  
 Save, save my Honour from the rushing Storm,  
 And quick destroy this too bewitching  
 Form : 120

She scarce had ended, when her Body shoots  
 Up into Boughs, and downward into Roots.  
 Unhappy Maid! who might have been a Bride,  
 But fell a Victim to her Shame and Pride!  
 Her Pride mistaken, and her guilty Shame  
 Expos'd her Honour, to preserve a Name.  
 Depriv'd of Rites, that might her Birth adorn,  
 She feels due Vengeance, and laments her  
 Scorn.

Rent by the Tyrants of each distant Clime  
 And vile Pretenders to melodious Rhyme. 130

At length to thee, repenting *Daphne* flies,  
Retrieve her Fame, and consecrate the prize,  
Thy Hand, soft plighted in connubial Vows,  
Shall weave a Garland of her verdant Boughs,  
To crown thy Lord, and *Daphne* cease to  
mourn,

**Below'd by RIBBUS, and by STANHOPE worn,**

**F I N I S.**



